# An Episode in Belgravia

By WILFRID EWART,
Author of "Way of Revelation."

IT was the after luncheon hour—that hour when London life seems to pause, when especially the West End of London seems to pause, when that genteel area called Belgravia, with its formal squares and streets and houses and its routinous, leisurely, pleasure-taking life, seems to lie back and, overfed, to yawn.

One lies back in one's armchair, one glances at the newspaper, one—yawns. . . . So two British officers have been murdered in Kurdistan—hardly near enough home to make any impression—so there is a substantial majority for the treaty in Ireland—so the Prince of Wales is safely home. . . . One yawns—one dozes. . . .

Outside in the street there comes a high pitched staccato whistle. The pervasive hum of London has sunk to its lowest ebb, otherwise the whistle would probably not be noticed. But it comes repeatedly in short proclamatory gasps. If London street boys weren't so clever with their fingers one might think it was a police whistle. . . .

What o'clock is it? A quarter past two. There are letters to write, there are envelopes in the bureau near the window. . . .

That whistle again, nearer, and with it a peculiar intimation of excitement. Perhaps a street row?

A coal cart is unloading at the house opposite. The usual respectable quiet seems to lie upon the London street. . . . Silence? Quiet?

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A green taxicab comes round the corner of the street very slowly. There are two people on the driver's platform. One of them seems to have some difficulty in manipulating the driving gear; a policeman hangs on the step.

The street stirs.

A disorderly throng hurries round the corner about forty yards behind the cab—not a crowd, but a throng of about twenty or thirty.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Then in the two hundred yards' length beneath the episode unfolds itself.

Behind the car, about six yards behind it, and on each flank, so that they are about the same distance apart in the roadway, walk two men. One is tall and well dressed in a dark suit, with a green soft hat tilted up at the back; he is dark of complexion, too; clean shaved, with a pugnacious turned up nose—he wears a determined, rather brutal, expression. He limps as if he has a bad leg; the first idea certainly is that he is a smart young American—not an Englishman. Of his companion on the rear side there is no definite impression except that he also is a young man. In the hand of each is a revolver—an exceptionally long barreled and forbidding revolver. The two men are walking backward coolly and deliberately, firing at every other step. And the shots sound trivial, childish—like the explosion of caps in a small boy's gun—as they bang hollowly between the houses.

### Woman at Victim's Side.

A policeman in uniform runs along one pavement blowing his whistle. A man in a gray flannel shirt half runs, half walks along the center of the roadway. There are two or three other men in gray flannel shirts and braces and dark trousers—then the throng of chauffeurs and butlers and errand boys and roadmen and nondescripts.

Servants rush up area steps, ladies and gentlemen crowd out on balconies, coffee cup in hand. There is a little incoherent shouting; there is hooting of motor horns.

Is it a cinema rehearsal? Is the green taxicab being "held up"? Is there money in it? Or is it some practical joke?

Then one realizes something. . . .

One rushes down stairs, seizes hat and stick—habit never deserts one—and out into the street.

Just round the corner where they have taken the road up a florid man in a gray flannel shirt is lying on a heap of sand. A group of neighbors is gathering round; a woman is kneeling beside him. Against the railing leans a chauffeur with blood dripping from his leg into a neat pool on the pavement. Some cry "Telephone for a doctor!" Others "Fetch brandy!" Others "Poor chap, he's shot through the stomach!" Nobody is frightened; nobody particularly excited.

The hue and cry retreating down the street has turned to the left. In its wake people are looking at one another with half amused, half amazed glances.

"What have they done?" "Have they broken into a house?" "Why, they've murdered somebody—two or three people are shot down the road." "It's a proper ho'dup—a regular gang." "Don't follow, you'll get shot"—and like exhortations are heard at every street corner, at every area steps.

Cut down the second turning on the left! They can't get far. They are heading straight toward the police station, and the chase is growing every moment. Ah! There they are. The throng streams down the side streets, now like a pack of hounds in sight of its prey. There is no longer sound of shots, but the crowd obscures the view. People rush out on balconies. The crowd suddenly becomes stationary. It is impossible to see what is happening. The crowd sways and presses round one spot in the center of the roadway. There is a struggle. An ugly snarl goes up. If the crowd was bigger and if it realized what had happened down the road it would be uglier—and more dangerous.

### What's It All About?

Suddenly the people turn back. All are looking at something six policemen are carrying—a big powerful man, still resisting as best he may. He is hatless, his coat is open, his face and neck are a dull red, the veins standing out. He is the embodiment of defiance, brutal helpless defiance, the fury of a powerful animal trapped.

"Serves him right! I hope they swing for it."

"Here comes the other. Somebody's caught 'im on the 'ead. 'E ain't 'arf bleedin'. Look!"

Blood is streaming down this one's face. He leans back supported by three policemen as if fainting as he stumbles along. His coat and shirt are open. It is difficult to get an impression of this face but it appears to be broad, full, clean-shaven, and rather pleasant—yet stamped with an expression that seems to say: "Howl as much as you like! I've done it—and what I've done you can't with all your numbers and all your policemen, undo!"

Anger arises—has risen. A curious impersonal hatred takes possession of you. Given the slightest excuse and not knowing the fullness of the deed, you might pity them—their blood, their struggles, plight, the mere fact that all are against them. Instead of which you wish that lynching was practiced in England.

They disappear inside the police station. You try to find out what it is all about, how many were engaged. A policeman says it is a gang of professional burglars on which they have long had their eye.

You repair to the starting point. People have collected by this time. They are standing talking on the curb, at area gates, on front door steps. Still by the railings is the small neat pool of blood. The man in the grey shirt—a policeman half dressed just as he dashed out of the station—is being lifted into a motor ambulance, a lady who has evidently done nursing is helping them.

The ambulance moves round the corner. Outside the little watchmaker's, where there is a *cul-de-sac*, another man has been wounded. They lift him in, too.

An acquaintance comes up. She is dressed in the height of seasonable fashion, with a parasol. She is perturbed but not flustered.

"I was strolling along when one of them jumped into a victoria which was standing beside the curb. At that moment a policeman came up and the man turned round and fired just past my head."

There is excitement abroad, and resentment — no fright — nobody knows what to make of it.

"It's Sinn Feiners—bet your life!" A famous name is mentioned. "They've shot him but he's not dead. Somebody told me who's just come from the house. It's true" . . .

One frankly refuses to believe it. Rumor always grows. One sensation breeds another.

After all, every disaster is due to Sinn Feiners—or Bolshevists!

But there is a steady movement up the street. At the corner on the right hand side stands an exceptionally large house. One or two policemen linger outside. The front door is open. Some housemaids and a butler are talking on the doorstep. Some men are mending the road.

"He got out of the taxi and they shot him just as he was turning the key" . . .

"Why don't they arm the police with revolvers? They'll have to now."

"There were revolvers in the police station, I understand, but no ammunition."

"It's a disgrace" . . .

At this moment red blinds are lowered in the front windows of the house.

A famous name is mentioned. "They've shot him" . . . (The assassination of Sir Henry Wilson.)

# The Rival of the Alps

By W. HARVEY JELLIE.

THE Pyrenees—the massive mountain wall that marks the frontier between gay France and sunny Spain—are slowly attaining their due popularity with the traveler who roams in search of noble scenery and fascinating localities.

The Alps have long monopolized the interest of the tourist and thousands of Americans in their annual pilgrimage to the historic spots of Europe have promised themselves a fortnight amid Helvetia's snow-clad heights and verdant valleys as a kind of moral and intellectual tonic after doing their duty to the heated cities and enervating plains of France and Italy.

But the Alps have a rival in the Pyrenees, whose popularity is growing year by year on every score. And so strong has become the lure of these lordly mountains upon the present writer that he feels compelled to speak of their limitless attractiveness to every tourist who cares to leave the beaten tracks and explore new fields.

In shape somewhat like a giant fern the mountain range stretches from Atlantic to Mediterranean, its vast frondlike spurs reaching out into France and Spain, while the intervening valleys form "ports," or trade routes, between the sister countries. It matters not by which route we cross the range, we find the same everchanging variety of soul ravishing scenery. Rich valleys merge into foothills, clad in vine and maize. Then the gradient increases and the wall of frowning crags seems to close in upon the traveler, while a hundred waterfalls leap down the mountainsides amid the forests of beach and pine to swell the brawling cataracts that speed onward to the Adour and the Saronne.

For a space the higher valleys expand in luxuriant pastures covered with herds of great horned cattle and large limbed goats. But as we near the upper reaches, all is wild crag and frowning precipice, icy glacier and gleaming snowdrift. Deep blue lakes sleep among the mountains and lively pines cling to the avalanche swept slopes. Graceful little izards bound along the inaccessible heights and vultures circle round overhead. And the marvel of all this little known world of beauty and grandeur is that it is still unspoiled by the "civilizing" touch of fashionable hotels and "modern" comforts. Nature has it all her own way!

I once met an American tourist in the austere and glorious Cirque de Savarnie, 10,000 feet above the sea, with the great amphitheater of five miles of encircling marble mountains walling in the valley. And he exclaimed: "I guess I know nearly all that two continents have to show but here is nature's finest piece of handiwork."

The Pyrenees appeal to every possible human interest and awaken every imaginable passion. Their flora and fauna exhibit a wonderful variety. Gentians and mountain roses abound; vultures and eagles, bears and izards are found in all the higher reaches. And nowhere in mountain ranges can you see such wealth of forest clad hills as are found in the glorious Vallee d'Appe or in the charming Vallee de Canteretz. It is this sylvan character of some of the wildest Pyrenean passes that constitutes one of their most marked contrasts with the austere grandeur of Switzerland.

The traveler will, of course, approach the Pyrenees from the western end of the range, by way of Biarritz or Bayonne. And here he is at once in the land of the Basques—that unique race of immemorial antiquity, with their own language and literature and their own proud nobility. It is the country celebrated by France's great prose poet, Pierre Loti, in his romance of Ramuntcho—the country where you still meet the inveterate smuggler and see the national game of the pelota and feel the charm of hill and valley. Then further eastward we strike the Valley of Roncesvalles, famed for its connection with Charlemagne and his twelve Peers. And drawing upon our stored historic knowledge, we recall how natives of these hills in bygone days must have watched the successive armies of Hannibal and Pompey, of the Goths and the Saracens, of Charlemagne and Louis XIII. and scores of other conquerors surging around the base of the mountains on martial expeditions which have made history.

Eastward still we come to Lourdes—the center of modern miracles and the scene of centuries of English occupation. Then we come to many a famed resort, with its mineral springs—Baquieres, Eaux Bounes, Luchon—and away still further to the ancient little Republic of Andorra and the song famed peaks of Mount Canegou.

The Pyrenean resorts are easily reached from the Chemin de Fer du Midi, and all the principal valleys may be traversed by the splendid roads which were constructed under the direction of the Emperor Napoleon III. Many of the higher mountains may be scaled in safety, while others, such as Mont Perdu and the Marbore, call for all the skill and intrepidity of the practiced mountaineer. Everywhere you find charm of scenery, interest of folklore, quaintness of native costume and custom—all so rich, so varied, so fascinating that to pay a single visit to the Pyrenees is to fall a victim to the resistless lure of these mighty mountains.

# What Causes "Tennis Elbow"

*(From the London Times.)*

THERE are few more painful or more annoying conditions than that known popularly as "tennis elbow." At this season it is specially prevalent, and consequently the views expressed about it by Dr. Frank Romer in the Lancet are of great interest.

"I believe," he says, "that the universal use of a large handled racket in lawn tennis, without consideration of the size of the player's hand, has much to do in bringing about this common ailment." The trouble arises through the strain on the muscles of the hand, which, attempting to grip the large handle, are thrown out of their proper function.

It is obvious that once the condition has been established it will be apt to recur when certain strokes are played. Dr. Romer insists that in the great majority of cases the onset of the condition is gradual. Pain is only produced at first by actions which bring the affected muscles into play. Thus, "patients . . . notice that they can lift or pull heavy weights from the ground with perfect comfort, while any small action, such as pouring out tea, tying a bow tie, brushing the teeth, or similar movements are exquisitely painful."

Treatment by massage is recommended. Naturally the shape of the racket handle ought to be a first consideration so far as prevention is concerned.